

The Tarboro' Southern.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1876. NO. 25.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
MAYOR—Fred Phillips.
COMMISSIONERS—James A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hart, Alex. M. Cane, Joseph Cobb.
SECRETARY & TREASURER—Holt Whitehurst.
CHIEF OF POLICE—John W. Cotton.
ASSISTANT POLICE—John Madra, Jas. E. Simpson, Anthony Macdonald.

COUNTY.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Stator, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
SHERIFF—Joseph Cobb.
Treasurer—Bob. H. Austin.
Surgeon—John E. Baker.
School Examiner—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Exon, A. McCabe, Clerk.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & E. R. R.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 2 P. M.
WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 8 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 P. M.

THE NIGHTS AND PLACES OF MEETING.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Law-rence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
Lyon Emment No. 13, I. O. O. F., 1 E. Palmetto, Chas. Parrish, Old Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. E., Old Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
Edgewood Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Old Fellows' Hall.
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at their Hall.
Zionish Lodge No. 255, I. O. O. F., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Old Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.
Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Chesler, Rector.
Methodist Church—Services every Fourth Sunday of every month, morning and night, 1st Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 8 P. M. Rev. Mr. Swinfield, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. Weekly Prayer meetings, Thursday night.
Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. J. B. Owen, Pastor.
Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.
Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.
Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 10 o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office next door to the Southern office, July 4, 1875.

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.

HOWARD & PERRY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.

W. H. JOHNSTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal, Nov. 5, 1875.

FREDERICK PHILIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts, Nov. 5, 1875.

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.
Office in Front Building, Pitt Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's., Jan. 7, 1876.

JACOB BATTLE,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in all the State Courts, March 24, 1876.

J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilcox, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

DR. E. D. BARNES,
Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
TARBORO', N. C.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. Feb. 18, 1876.

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office opposite Adams' Hotel, over S. S. Nash & Co's Store.
Owing to the stringency of the times, I have reduced my charges for all operations to a standard that will not fail to suit every one. Care of children's teeth and Plate work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. March 17, 1876.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This Claim House Established in 1865
REVISIONS—We have a large stock of new and second-hand furniture made to order, by
J. E. SIMMONS,
PITTSBURGH, N. C.
Call and see before you purchase.

UNDERTAKING
Keeps on hand and makes to order, Mahogany, Walnut, Poplar and Pine Coffins. Also on hand a full line of METALLIC CASES. Hearse for hire on burial occasions. Jan. 1, 1876-ly. J. E. SIMMONS.

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Manufacturer of
WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS,
Plain Panels of every style
DOOR FRAMES,
WINDOWS, SASHES, BLINDS,
MANTLES, MOLDINGS,
BRACKETS, SCROLL WORK

Tobacco Box Patterns,
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Also, contracts to complete buildings, furnish all material, put up turkeys, farms, or otherwise, as parties may prefer, all with kindred lumber.
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Wholesale Dealers in
Bruff, Faulkner & Co.,
Foreign and Domestic Dry
Goods, Notions & White
Goods.
275 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
J. E. Faulkner, & Baltimore.
Wm. R. Bruff, Jr., Baltimore.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York.

AGENTS,
make no engagements till you see our
NEW BOOK,
Which is thrilling interest, sterling merit, elegance and cheapness. Its absolutely no equal. It is "The Future" for the Centennial period—takes on sight.
The North American Review says it is "a deserving of recognition" and we anticipate for it an extensive popularity. The *Delaware Times* says "Just such a work as thousands of the American People will be glad to possess." The *Delaware Advertiser* calls it "a work of merit and value." ANY ACTIVE MAN or WOMAN of good address, secured large profits and steady work for a year. For full particulars, address
J. B. FORD & CO.,
April 23-25. 27 Park Place, New York.

PRIVAT
Boarding House.
MRS. V. E. LIPSCOMB respectfully announces that she has opened a Private Boarding House in Tarboro, on the corner of Bank and Pitt Streets.
Good Food, Pleasant Rooms, Comfortable Beds. Board Moderate.
Feb. 18, 1876. 1y

GEO. S. HAWES,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Tin, Copper
AND
SHEET IRON WARE,
Tarboro, N. C.
A FULL LINE OF COOKING, HEATING, Parlor & Office Stoves, kept constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.
ROOFING AND CUTTING
either in town or country, promptly attended to on most reasonable terms.
REPAIRING
of all kinds in his line executed with promptness. If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and trade.
GEO. S. HAWES,
Nearly opposite Post Office.
Feb. 18, 1876. 1y

TERRELL & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
AND
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Main Street,
Near the Bridge,
Tarboro, N. C.
Sept. 30-ly

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FURNITURE!
A large lot for sale cheap for cash. Also Furniture made to order, by
J. E. SIMMONS,
PITTSBURGH, N. C.
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Near the Bridge,
Tarboro, N. C.
Sept. 30-ly

Tarboro' Southern.

Friday, June 2, 1876

[For the Southern.]

THE HOG QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR—We may assume as a fact, that our system of producing heavy cotton crops, in the present condition of the market, has fallen far short of producing a profit in proportion to the expenses and labor in producing them. Hence naturally arises the important, perhaps vital question, why does not our present system pay? I believe the reason is because we do not produce our farm supplies. What business can be prosperous whilst a large and important part is almost absolutely neglected? We to a great extent neglect raising those supplies without which we cannot move. We generally fail to raise even our meat, besides many other necessary supplies.

This brings us fairly and squarely before the question, can we profitably produce our meat supplies? I answer yes, and I say farther, that we very often fail in our profits from not raising our own meat. In illustration of what follows I will remark that the garden and potato lot are the most profitable part of the farm—then it may be asked why not extend them? This is the point from a logical view, (but falsely taken) where we go wrong on the cotton question.

The reason why it would not do to extend the production of the garden and potato lots because they are most valuable when, at this point we must bear in mind that the same fact produces different results under different conditions, that is the results of a fact vary according to its surrounding. Now, it is admitted as a money crop in our section, cotton stands without a rival after the fact is supplied, but it is a very inferior if not destructive crop from a financial view, to produce by meat with. Now the farmer begins to tell you how much more he can make from a single acre in cotton than in corn. Now to carry this idea out and to show that this result has its limit, and produces a very contrary result, we simply have to suppose that all the available lands in the cotton country were planted in cotton, where would we stand? would cotton today bring six cents in the general market? would one crop produce a universal bankruptcy nationally and almost individually? I think this proposition will be universally admitted.

Now, when the foregoing proposition is admitted, it establishes that there is a limit beyond which the farmer cannot continue to produce cotton. Where is that limit? there is but one natural limit, that is to make all he can after the farm has made a full supply of all articles which can be profitably produced. In coming to this conclusion we must not forget freights and commissions that there are many articles of food which cannot bear a long transportation yet they are profitable when consumed where produced. A production then must be very profitable which can bear to pay freight and drayage both ways, and two sets of commissions, one in selling cotton and the other in buying meat. Can cotton do this? especially after adding the cost of bagging and ties?
There is a universal distress prevailing through our country—we may safely assume that a universal distress is the effect of some universal error—then it conclusively appears that we must make a great change either in our method of cultivation or in the extent and variety of our crops, both these propositions are under control of the planters of the country. There is a necessity to change both, but at present I shall confine my attention to changing our crops in variety and extent.

In producing farm supplies, without any collateral questions, which will produce the greatest profit in farm supplies one hundred dollars invested in producing the supplies themselves, or one hundred dollars in producing cotton to buy them with? especially considering that each bale of cotton produced below the point of natural supply, and we are suffering to-day from an excess of cotton production—but a part from this point we can produce our supplies cheaper than we can purchase them.

We assume that it takes at least five thousand bales of cotton to purchase the farm supplies of Edgecombe county. We farther state that the county as appears from the census, produces a greater home supply than the cotton country generally.

How many mules and laborers will it require to produce 5,000 bales of cotton and what will the ties and bagging cost for the same? I will assume that at least it will take six hundred mules and

fourteen hundred laborers (estimating the cost of fertilizers in labor). Now to cultivate the same land in corn and peas, it will certainly not take 400 mules and 600 laborers; then we can sell two hundred mules and get clear of feeding them; we could sell or use on other stock the fodder they would eat and raise hogs with the corn they annually consume. We could cultivate the crop with eight hundred heads less at least. Here we have a heavy gain in not having to pay and board eight hundred laborers, and we might say to get that amount of labor we have to support their families, say at 1600 in number.

Now each one may estimate the saving from not having to purchase two hundred mules, with necessary implements, their annual expense in feeding and the wear and tare thereof and the outlay necessary to pay for the board and wages for eight hundred laborers and the current expenses incurred in supplying their families.

Would it be too much to say this would be a gain of \$150,000? Does the county save that much annually at present? Would not the diminished demand cheapen labor? Would not the increase of supplies cheapen the cost of living, alike to the employer and employee? Would not the increase of the price of cotton from a diminished supply and a cheapening of living, save far more than the above estimate?

The foregoing calculation would release about 12,000 acres of our best land from cotton, then we have detailed enough of the cotton force to cultivate it. Now estimating the improved land at 20 bushels per acre there would be 240,000 bushels of corn. According to the last census the county made 488,000 bushels of corn, the increase would be nearly half that amount with 200 mules and eight hundred laborers and their families less to feed, there would be a corresponding increase of peas and potatoes, besides other crops and an increase at a maximum calculation of two and a half million pounds of fodder.

Now would not 240,000 bushels of corn with corresponding increase of peas, potatoes, oats and clover, with a diminished demand for corn, for mules and laborers raise a sufficiency of meat for the county? It is estimated that about 2,000,000 pounds bacon and pork is brought to this county. Now we have 240,000 bushels of corn, besides our peas, potatoes, oats and clover to raise our meat with, this is not taking into account the 2,000,000 pounds of fodder.

Now it is submitted with the various other foods grown much cheaper than corn that 240,000 bushels of corn is more than amply sufficient to raise the 2,000,000 pounds of purchased meat (2,000,000).

Many of the preceding parts ought to be extended more in detail and more statistics ought to be given, which may or may not begin hereafter.
JOHN L. BRIDGERS.

The Other Baboon.

In one of the narrow streets that run through what is known as the Creole quarter, in New Orleans, says the *New York Mercury*, stood a little shop which its proprietor delighted in naming "The Two Baboons." Surely a nimble fancy must have suggested so striking a title, and although familiarly with the shop had made the denizens of the quarter oblivious to the humor of the name, it was not the case with a certain young Creole who passed that way, returning from a dinner party. He stood looking at the sign as if lost in admiration, and, as if seized with an uncontrollable impulse, he rushed across the street and commenced a violent rapping on the closed doors. His loud demand for admission was not as promptly answered as it seemed to him it should have been, and forthwith he labored the door with redoubled force, until it was opened by the concierge, quite overcome with fright.

"Where is he?" demanded the visitor.
"But who, m'sieur?" asked the dazed attendant.
"Why, the proprietor, to be sure, stupid. I wish to see him at once," continued the visitor, simulating breathless impatience.
"M'sieur Felix, it is he whom the gentleman wishes to see? He has made his toilet for the night. He may not be disturbed."

"But I must see him—very important. My welfare is at stake."
"Well, I don't know, this is very unusual, but—"
"Certainly, of course, lead me to him," and without further ado the stranger was conducted to the apartment of the proprietor. No sooner was the door partly opened in reply to the summons, and a nightcapped head protruded the opening, then the interloper pushed his way in, saying:

"Ah, at last, where is he then?"
"I do not understand the gentleman. It is I whom you wish to see,"

said the shopkeeper.
"Par exemple, do not I know what I want?" replied the stranger. "Where is he, I repeat, I must see him. It is important."
"Ah, ca! you make fun of me. I am he, Jean Marie Baptist."
"No, no, the other, your partner. I must see him."
"Partner! surpris! I have no partner, I am all!"
"It's an outrage, a base imposition, a snare to deceive the innocent. Tell me how can you be two people? No! I shall not be balked. I will see him."
"Mon Dieu! but who is it you wish to see?"
"Why your partner, imbecile. Do you not say on your sign 'The Two Baboons'?"
"Well, I want to see him, the other one, your partner."
The old fellow stood a moment, comprehended the situation, and quietly taking the stranger by the arm led him gravely across the room to a small mirror, pointed at its reflecting surface and said:

"Behold him. I had despaired of finding you, dear brother, but le bon Dieu is ever performing miracles, and it is nothing for him to transfer an ass into a baboon!"

Another amusing instance also related to us by a friend was that of an Englishman who, like Sir Charles Goldstream, had traveled everywhere, seen everything, and done everything, and yet was terribly ennuied.
"Have I yes, Mr. Longfellow, thought I ought to see the great American poet, I sent in my card."
The poet asked his visitor to be seated, when he resumed:
"Yes, Mr. Longfellow, I've been great traveler, sir; been all over the Continent, been to Iceland, Sweden, Norway."
"Indeed; you must have found much to interest you?"
"Well, something, but it's getting to be an awful bore. I've just come from Egypt; old country—antiquities, you know."
"Yes," replied the poet, "many interesting remains of past ages."
"Ah, yes—just so, exactly; heaps of old ruins. I like ruins. Now everything's new here in America, you know—can't find any old ruins—so thought I'd come and see you."

A story comes to us from the Western district, says the *London Era*, on the details of which a Bret Harte or a Col. John Hay would find a poem. The other day a gang of laborers was employed stacking blocks of Western Railroad, between Keynsham stone on a permanent way of the Great and Bristol. In fact, the operation of stone-stacking was carried on within a few yards of the Brislington tunnel. It was at the time of day when the most wonderful express train in the world, called "The Flying Dutchman," was expected, and, by some unlucky accident, a large block of stone rolled down the embankment and lodged on the railway line. At this instant the roar of the "Flying Dutchman" was heard in the tunnel. There was not a moment to be lost, so swiftly down the bank sped one of the brave navies to remove the stone and save hundreds of innocent lives or perish in the attempt. His life was in his hand, but he never thought of that. Down the steep embankment sped the brave fellow, nerve with the combined strength of Sisyphus and Atlas, to move the stone and save his fellow creatures. On sped the "Flying Dutchman." "Quick, for your life, Jim," shouted his companions on the bank. Alas! it was just too late; the stone was rolled out of the way, but the hero was cut to pieces by the fangs of the murderous train. This is as grand and noble a story as ever was told. It is finer than the tale of "Jim Bludso," the moral of whose story is told with such impetuous vigor and truth by the author of "Little Breeches."

He knew his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it that and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men!

If ever there was a brave fellow who laid down his life for the sake of his fellow creatures it was this hero of the Brislington tunnel. His wife and children ought to be looked after, and have no doubt come under the consideration of the citizens of Bristol. But the story ought to live forever.

Popping the Question.
The subject is one of great interest and delicacy, but I suspect that no rules can be laid down for putting the momentous question which do not admit of an infinite number of exceptions. I am no believer in "the old shepherd's saw," "He never loved who loved not at first sight"; neither do I agree with Mrs. Malaprop that it is best to begin with a little aversion. A small substratum of esteem, however, is necessary to build up a very pretty matrimonial structure, and the only trouble consists in laying the first stone. We have done with the fashion countenanced by Mr. Charles Grandison, of going down upon one knee and giving expression to a flood of amatorial eloquence compounded of admiration and profuse promises. A more prompt and business like method is suited to the present times, and if it leads to the late repentance, which is said to follow marriage in haste, the unfortunate Benedict has only to blame the absorption of his time in "business." It is questionable whether, if he had deferred his action to a period of leisure, he would have been more successful. Marriage is the crisis of a man's as well as a woman's life, yet it is a perfect lottery in its results. Dr. Johnson (Samuel) was of opinion that if a gentleman and lady met for the first time and married "right away" they would have as fair a chance of happiness as if they had known each other for years. Matthew Locke, on the other hand, contended for long engagements. They kept a man on his good behavior until prudence and propriety of life had become habitual, thus offering a guarantee of the woman's happiness; and enabling the affianced youth to study the character of his future.

Longfellow's Visitors.
The poet Longfellow, although naturally of a most amiable disposition, says the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, especially under the assaults made upon his time and his privacy by simple curiosity and literary lion-hunters, who have no possible claim upon him, would be little short of a saint if he were not sometimes annoyed by the pertinacity of uninvited guests. Take for illustration two instances:
"Three ladies, two from Chicago and one from Milwaukee, entirely unknown to the poet, sent in their cards. They are courteously received by him in a reception room. Would he be good enough to let them see his library? The request is acquiesced in and the library undergoes inspection.
"Oh, it's lovely." "So nice, and now mayn't we see the dining-room?"
The cloth for dinner was laid and the hour for that meal close at hand, but nevertheless the ladies carried their point; but when it came to wishing to be shown the kitchen the host was fain to ring for a servant, lest further examination might extend to cellar or attic.

Tit for Tat.
Among the annoyed and dripping pedestrians who sought the aid of a Grand River street car yesterday to help shorten the way home was a man with gray locks and an old maid with beau-catchers and false teeth. They seemed to hate each other at first sight, for he was hardly seated beside her when he growled:
"If you women didn't wear bustles there'd be twice as much room in street cars."
"If men didn't sit cross-legged there'd be three times as much room!" she snapped in reply.
"If I was a woman I wouldn't be gadding around with the rain pouring down in this way," he remarked.
"Yes you would. If you were a woman you'd want to go out and show those feet!"
He drew his No. 11's under the seat, flushed up a little, and growled:
"They are not false, like some folks' teeth!"
"No, and they don't turn up quite as much as some people's nose!" she answered.
He was silenced for a time, but presently recovered himself and went on:
"Thirty years ago women got along without paint, powder, bustles, straps, buckles and such non-sensical fixings."
"Thirty years ago," she promptly replied, "it was a rare thing to see a man come out of a saloon wiping his mouth on his thumb!"
He didn't say anything more, but he wondered if she wasn't looking out of the window when he signaled the car.—*Free Press.*

The Two Websters.
When Mr. Webster visited England, after he had attained fame enough to precede him, an English gentleman took him one day to see Lord Brougham. That eminent Briton received our Daniel with such coolness that he was glad to get away and back to his rooms. The friend who had taken him at once returned to Lord Brougham in haste and anger.
"My lord, how could you behave with such unseemly rudeness and discourtesy to so great a lawyer and statesman? It was insulting to him, and has filled me with mortification."
"Why, what on earth have I done, and whom have I been rude to?"
"To Daniel Webster, of the Senate of the United States."
"Great Jupiter, what a blunder! I thought it was that fellow Webster who made a dictionary and nearly ruined the English language."
Then the great Chancellor quickly hunted up the American Senator, and, having other tastes in common besides law and politics, they made a royal night of it.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

The Cat That Went to War.
Col. Stewart Wortley, an English officer, tells the following story of a cat whose acquaintance he made during the Crimean war:
"After the French troops had taken the Malakoff I was sent into it on duty, and found an unhappy cat bayoneted through the foot and pinned to the ground. I took her to my tent; she was carefully tended, and every morning taken to the doctor to have her wound attended to. Four or five days after I was too ill one morning to get up, and puss came and scratched at my tent door. I took no notice; but not long after the doctor came to say that mine was a wise cat, for she had come to his tent and sat quietly down for her foot to be examined and have its usual bandaging. She was watched to see what she would do the next morning; but she declined wasting her time scratching for me, and went straight to the doctor's tent and scratched there. She was a very affectionate animal; and it was absurd to see her following me all over the camp with her tail carried stiff in the air."

Missed the Commander.
The Brooklyn Argus says: They used militia to keep order at the grand opening, and as Dom Pedro witnessed their extraordinary maneuvers he asked in astonishment:
"What are Philadelphia soldiers, Majesty, eagerly answered ex-Secretary Boria, his face lighting up with pride at the fancied compliment to the citizen soldiery.
"Feelably soldiers, eh? slowly repeated the monarch, as he gazed at them curiously through his eye-glasses, "and very coz ly General Boun?"

The Salisbury Fair offers a special premium of a silver goblet for the finest baby under two years old.
The Sheriff of Perquimans county, N. C., weighs 410 pounds. When a prisoner is refractory he sits down on him.

A bad omen—to own men money.